

Thi saa har Gud elsket
Verden, at han gav sin
Søn, den enbaarne, for at
hver den som tror paa
ham, ikke skal fortabes,
men have evigt Liv.

H Y R D E N

Jeg er den gode hyrde

Joh. 10, 11

Den som tror paa ham,
bliver ikke dømt; den som
ikke tror, er allerede dømt,
fordi han ikke har troet
paa Guds enbaarne Søns
Navn.

10de aargang

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Mai, 1934

Nr. 6

MORS DAG OG MORS MINNE

MOR.

Hvem er mor? En underlig skatt, en edelsten, en perle, den beste skatt vi har. Hva er et hjem foruten mor? Det er et hjem med en stor, tom plass. Gud har gitt oss mange goder her i livet, men den beste gave vi har av Herren, er mor. Hun bar oss til daapen for at vi kunde bli indlemmet i Samfund med Gud og gjort til en arving til Guds rike. Hun lærte oss tidlig aa be Fadervor, aa lese og synge. Hun lærte oss ogsaa tidlig aa kjenne Jesus, bernes venn. Hun gjorde alt hvad hun kunde for at vi skulde faa en god opdragelse og utdannelse og en uplettet karakter. Alt det vi har tilegnet oss og alt vi har lært har vi mor aa takke for. Mor arbeidet og slet sent og tidlig for at vi kunde faa det godt, for at vi kunde faa mat og klær og alt nødvendig. Blev vi syke saa sat hun oppe og vaaket over oss. Var vi borte, saa tenkte hun paa oss bad til Gud at han maate vere med os og bevare oss. Ja, hun glemte oss aldrig i sine bønner. Naar mor har gjort saa meget for oss, bør vi da ikke lønne henne? Hvad skal vi gjøre for aa gjengjelde mor for all hennes omhu og mœie for oss?

Er vi ikke skyldig aa være snild mot henne, hjelpe aa bære hennes byrder og søke aa glede henne, hun som har hatt saa mange sorger for vor skyld? Skulde vi ikke so men gutt sa en gang, elske mor av alle krefter? Ja, mor, du vet ikke hvor vi elsker dig? Du har vært alt for oss. Vi har vært lydige mange ganger, men du maa tilgi oss for alt. Vi klaget mange ganger og var misfornøiet, men du gikk alltid med et smil. Takk, kjære mor, for alt du har gitt oss, for alt du har gjort for oss. Om vi takker dig tusen ganger, mor, saa er det ikke nok. Vi kan aldrig fuldt gjengjelde dig for alt. Vi vil alltid være snild mot dig. Ikke heller naar du blir gammel vil vi glemme dig, da skal du og far faa det godt.

Maa vi alle faa ligne mor, maa vi faa arve hennes kjærlige sinn, hennes taalmodighet, henns villighet til aa ofre sig for andre. Men vort største ønske er aa faa møte mor i himmelen. Der faar vi med far og mor, søster og bror være tilsammen og love ham evindeligen som gav oss saa mange lykkelige dager tilsammen paa jorden.

Dig, Gud, skylder vi vor takk for en kjærlig mor.

Unge venner, vær snild mot mot. Elsk henne og hjelp henne, saa godt dere kan. Dere vil aldrig angre paa det. Snart er hun ikke mere og mennere efter mor glemmes aldrig.

— K. S.

MOR BLEV BØNNHØRT.

En kapteins enke som var en troende kristen, tok det meget alvorlig med aa faa sin sønn omvendt.

Han var sjømann. I lang tid hadde han vakt forhaapning om aa bli en trøst og hjelp for sin mor, men under slette kameraters innflydelse blev han meget ugudelig og utsvende. Mange ganger har jeg, forteller beretteren, gaatt til de mange fristelseshuser for aa lokke ham hjem til sin mors hus, og ikke i noget tilfelle, hvor hans mors navn blev nevnt, har han nektet aa komme. Paa ham syntes dette yndige navn "MOR" aa øve en fortryllende og uimotstaelig innflydelse. Jeg tok ham ofte inn i vort søndagsskolerum, hvor han tidligere var elev, talte og bad med ham, inntil han under taarer lovet aa begynne paa en bedre vei.

En dag gav jeg ham en lommebibel og han lovet aa lese et vers hver dag, inntil det skib hvormed han skulde reise, kom tilbake fra Sidney. Jeg omtalte dette for hans mor, og jeg skal ikke saa snart glemme hennes blikk, da hun sa: "Takket være Gud, takket være Gud! Jeg har nu haap om hans omvendelse."

Han blev borte i flere maaneder og han lot kun litet høre fra sig i denne tid. Mo-

TIL FAR OG MOR.

Det lyser fra hjemmets arne saa underlig varm en glød, Dens gjenskin fylder sinnet og følger oss til vor død. Ja, vandrer enn barnet vildsomt her nede hvor sorgen bor, Dog alle vegne det vernes av minnet om far of mor. I barnehjertet de saadde den sed som aldrig kan dø, For evig liv jo spirer av Gudsordets ringe frø. De barnlige ord om Jesus som lød for det unge sinn Blir evighetstenen som ringer til slutt det i himlen inn.

Gud signe de kjære der hjemme som virket for rikets vekst Og tro om Vorherre preket til hverdagens ringe tekst. Gud lønne dem for hvad de gjorde,—det syntes kan hende smaatt Og somme tider de sukket naar alt var graatt i graatt. For dem var vel kanskje veien ofte saa tung og trang, Dog barna fikk gaa der trygge med barnlig glede og sang. Mot alt det tunge og saare de værnet de kjære smaa, Saa barna trygt kunde trede og uten bekymring gaa.

Vi takker idag for gaven vi fikk i det kjære hjem Og sender saa godt vi formaar det en inderlig takk til dem som bar oss paa bønnes armer saa ofte for tronen inn og bad Vorherre aa tørre taaren av barns kinn. Vi ber Vor Frelser aa gjøre vell mot de kjære to. Han fylde hver dag med glede, med frelsesvishet og ro, Han gi dem aa se med glede i aftensolens skinn At alt det som hendte her nede han ledet med viljen sin.

Vi føler slik trang til aa takke, men mangler de store ord. Saa sier vi bare saa stille: Gud lønne dem—far og mor. Gud signe de kommende dager, — de er i Vorherres haand. Den kraft og naade som trenges han gi ved sin gode aand. Han føre oss alle mot møtet der hjemme bak død og grav, Saa far og mor der kan samles med de barn som han gav. Der takker vi Gud for naaden som varte livsdagen lang, — Og saa skal vi evig vandre for Herrens aasyn med sang.

— Erik Aagaard.

ren bad daglig for ham ved et bestemt klokkeslett. Hun fikk en smertelig sykdom, der endte med døden, men hennes tro, glede og Fred var forunderlig og herlig aa se. Jeg erindrer ikke at jeg avla henne noget besøk, uten at hun omtalte sin sønn og sin overbevisning om at hun skulde møte ham i Herligheten.

En aften sa hun: "Jeg er nær graven og føler at min tid er kort; jeg vil efterlate et budskap til min sønn og du maa overbringe ham det."

Da jeg saa hennes store svakhet, bad jeg med henne. Neste dag, jeg besøkte henne, var hun døden nær. Hun bevegjærte aa bli støttet op i sengen, da hun vilde synge en sang. Hennes to døtre knelte ned paa sengen for aa holde henne opreist. Da hun hadde talt med dem om sin begravelse og om sin eiendom sa hun til mig:

"Jeg vet at jeg skal dø, men jeg har ingen frykt; alt er lyst og skjønnt. Kristus er her, han er min og jeg er hans."

Hennes stemme blev klarere og klarere, og hun bad oss synge. Hennes døtre formaadde kun litet aa synge; deres hjerter var altfor opfyldte. Imidlertid sang vi det beste vi kunde det skjønneste vers:

O hvor salig det skal blive
Naar Guds barn faar komme hjem.
Ingen kan den fryd beskrive
Aa faa bo i himmelen.
Skue Jesus, skue Jesus,
Naar han henter sine hjem.

Mens vi sang hørtes en banken paa døren, og jeg gikk for aa lukke op for den bankende og til min overraskelse stod sjømannen foran mig. Han var nettop kommet fra reisen. Jeg meddelte ham mors tilstann og fikk ham til aa bli i dagligstuen, mens jeg forberedte moren paa hans komme.

Da jeg kom inn, sa hun: "O, jeg trodde, det var min kjære sønn. O, hvor jeg skulde ønske aa se ham ennu en gang og gi ham min velsignelse!"

"Er du istann til aa høre om ham eller se ham nu?" spurte jeg.

"Jeg kan bære alt ved Kristus," svarte hun.

Jeg førte hennes sønn inn til henne. Hun laa bedende, med lukkede øine for sin

eneste sønn. Efter nogen minutter saa hun sig omkring og fikk øie paa sitt barn, der hadde vært borte. Han slo sine armer om sin mors hals og forsøkte aa tale, men formaadde ikke aa si et ord. Men moren ropte: "Gud ske lov! Jesus er trofast og sandru." Og efter et kyss tilføiet hun: "Min kjære gutt, jeg dør nu og gaar til Jesus; jeg har bedt for dig hver dag, min kjære Frank. Hvad skal jeg si til Jesus om dig? Din far er ogsaa deroppe" — hun pekte opad. "O, hvad skal jeg si til min velsignede Jesus?"

"Du kan si til ham, hvad du vil, mor. Jeg er en kristen, jeg er omvendt til Gud nu, mor, og han vet alt om mig."

Morens hjerte var fuldt, den gledelige nyhet overvældet henne og hun utropte:

"La mig gaa, Herre, jeg har sett din Frelse! Mine bønner er besvaret. Min sønn er frelst. Ære, ære, ære være Gud!"

Efter nogen minutters søvn vaaknet hun med et herlig smil paa sitt ansikt og sa: "Jeg ser engler, harper, kroner—klare gyldne kroner. La mig gaa!" Og idet hun løftet haanden over hodet, ropte hun: "Sei-er ved troen paa hans blod!" Derpaa falt hennes arm ned, hennes øine lukket sig blidt og hennes aand vendte tilbake til Gud som gav den.

— "Familiebladet."

Morsnavnet.

Morsnavnet staar hoit hos alle nasjoner. Det lyder saa godt som hos alle folk et ord som dette: "En mor har lettere ved aa skaffe en barn føde enn syv barn har ved aa føde en mor."

Tyskerne sier: "Trofast morskjærighet blomstrer hver dag."

I Indien heter det: "Mor kjær, alltid kjær, om fattig eller rik jeg er."

Italienerne sier: "Mor, mor! Den som har en mor, roper efter henne; den som ingen har, savner hene."

Napoleon sa en gang: "La Frankrike ha gode mødre, saa vil det ogsaa ha gode sønner."

George Washington førte kommandoen over de amerikanske hære; men Mary Washington, hans mor, førte kommandoen over George.

Augustin har skjenket den kristne kirke

uvurderlige gaver; men Monika, hans mor, gav oss Augustin.

John Randolph, en amerikansk statsmann, sa engang i en tale: "Jeg vilde ha vært en ateist, fritenker, alle mine dager, dersom ikke et barndomsminne fra hjemmet hadde staatt mig i veien. Det var minnet om mor som hver aften tok min barnehaand i sin, og knelende bad vi Herrens bonn, Fadervor, sammen."

Herbert sa: "En god mor er bedre enn 100 skolelærere."

Hvorledes faar vi den Helligaand?

Tekst Joh. 14, 15—21.

Preken paa Pinsedag av past. J. O. Gjølvaag, Calgary, Alta.

FOR oss kristne er pinsedag en stor festdag. For verden er den kun en dommens dag.

Jesus hadde gitt disiplene løfte om at han vilde senne dem den Helligaand. Paa himmelfartsdagen sa han at de skulde bli i Jerusalem indtil de blev ikkelt kraft fra det høie. Ti det var ikke i sin egen kraft eller fornuft at de skulde bygge Guds rike. Det var lett nok for dem aa følge denne befaling, ti de var jo rede til aa vise sig paa Jerusalems gater. Men hvorledes er det idag? Det er jo en ære aa være en prest, en legmann, en kristen, et kirkemedlem. Men er der megen tanke paa aa vente litt til vi faar den Helligaand fra det høie? Hvilken veldig kirke vi vilde være dersom vi alle tok mere tid til aa vente i bønn og lydighet paa Herren indtil han selv iklær oss med den Helligaands gaver og kraft!

"Men," kan nogen spørre, "hvorledes kan jeg vite om jeg har eller faar den Helligaand med hans gaver?" La mig først si at den Helligaand kommer ikke inn i et ubodferdig synderhjerter; ei heller i kristne som er hverken kold eller varm; ei heller i deres hjerter som holder sig paa grensen og ser over til verdens skjønneste enge. Den som har "haapet" han rens seg selv. Peter tenkte om sig selv at han var en nokk-saa god discipel, men Herren maatte spørre ham tre ganger: "Elsker du mig mere enn disse?" for at han skulde faa sitt syn rettet utelukkende paa Jesus alene. Spørsmålet var ikke: "Tror du paa mig?", men "Elsker du mig?" I Jakobs brev leser vi om en "død tro." Mon der ikke er meget av denne slags tro i vore kirker idag? Livskraften mangler! Kjærlighet til Kristus mangler! "Dersom I elsker mig, da holder mine bud."

Har jeg ikke aanden, har jeg ingen annen aa legge skylden paa enn mig selv. For hvad er det Jesus sier han vil gjøre for den som elsker ham og holder hans bud? "Jeg vil bede Faderen . . ." Han vil gaa i forbønn for oss. Den Helligaand kommer ikke av sig selv. Han kommer ikke paa grunn av mig eller noget jeg kan gjøre. Det er en Guds gjerning; ti det er en Guds gave. Han vil gi den Helligaand til dem han har selv bestemt aa gi den til. Vet vi hvem det er? Ja, les vers 15 og 16. Dersom du vil ha aanden saa legg merke til den subjektive betingelse i det 15de vers. Vor herre Jesus vil nokk se nøie efter sin side av løftet.

Og for aa beholde aanden maa vi følge de samme betingelser som da vi først fikk den — nemlig bekjenne vor synd, renses fra synd (slutte med dens selskap), elske Jesus over alle tng, og holde hans bud. Saaledes skal vi vandre himmel sindede.

"Men er det da nødvendig aa ha den Helligaand?" Det var jo aanden som førte oss til korset. Det er Han som kalder og opholder oss i den sande tro og det sande liv. Det er Han som trøster oss i motgang, sykdom osv. Som Jesus var disiplenes trøst og glede medens han gikk personlig iblant dem, saaledes virker aanden blant de troende til alle tider. Jesus sier: "Det er til gagn for eder at jeg gaar bort; ti gaar jeg ikke bort, kommer

HYRDEN

Organ of The Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada.

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3723 Victoria Ave., Regina, Sask.

Published monthly. Subscription price: One copy, one year 50 Cents.

All contributions, changes of address, and money for the paper kindly send to
Rev. J. J. Akre, Manager,
Melville, Sask.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Printed by the Rundschau Publishing House, Winnipeg, Man.

talsmannen ikke til eder." Her sier Jesus at det er bedre aa ha den aandelige nærværelse av den Helligaand enn aa ha Jesu legemlig tilstede. Det er et aandelig liv vi skal leve en aandelig verden vi strever for, derfor maa arbeidsmidlene være aandelige.

Den Helligaand virker gjennom naademidlene: Ordet og Sakramentene. Naar vi bekjenner vore synder viser han oss i Ordet at de er oss forlatt. Naar vi tviler om vor sjels frelse, peker han paa det ord som sier, at hver den som tror paa Jesus er frelst. Naar livet synes aa bli oss for trist og tungt, da trøster han oss med ordets haap og glede.

"For at han kan være hos eder evindel- lig." Hvilken trøst det er at Den Hel- ligaand er hos oss alltid. Han kom paa første Pinsedag og har vært i verden — i kirken —, ordet, i sakramentene, ja, i de kristne intil denne dag, og Han vil være iblant oss indtil Jesus komme for aa hente oss hjem til sig selv.

Just medens jeg sitter her og skriver dette kommer der en mor, en enke, med sin tunge byrde til mig. Hennes byrde var virkelig stor! Men efter aa ha aapnet sitt hjerte og bekjent sin synd begynte det aa lysne for henne. Hun fikk se Jesus. Taa- rene randt, men de blev til en kilde av glede, da hun gikk sin vei hjemad. Saa- ledes trøster og lyser aanden for enhver som er bodferdig. Det er aanden som vir- ker, vi er bare redskaper i hans tjeneste. "Han skal bli hos eder og skal være i eder." Og hvor Guds aand bor der er der liv og virksomhet.

Det liv og denne virksomhet peker hen paa det samfund vi i troen har med den opstandne, levende herre og frelser. For de som kjente Jesus bare efter kjødet, er han blitt aldeles borte. Men for de troende blev Jesus mere tydelig og levende efter aandens utgyldelse. "I ser mig, i jeg lever og I skal leve." Hvilket liv blev der ikke i disippelflokken efter pinsedagen? Hvilket liv der blir i det troende hjerte idag, naar aanden faar aapne øinene for den levende frelser! Og tenk videre frem til den dag vi skal med "ubedeckket ansikt skue Herrens herlighet." Ja, hvilket liv der skal bli i oss, naar vi staar blant de frelste foran tronen!

Men før vi kommer dit maa vi igjennem meget av livets trengsler. Dog er det med smil, glede, fred, at vi gaar pilegrimsveien; ti Jesus har gitt oss noget av det himmel- seke aa nyte allerede her paa jorden. Aanden vil aapne for oss Jesu høie stilling hos Faderen og vise oss at vort "liv er skjult med Kristus i Gud," og at Kristus lever i oss. Dette skal aanden gi oss aa "kjen- ne" den dag vi slutter aa stride mot ham, men aapner hjertets dør for ham og lar ham komme inn.

Paa den dag blir hans bud lett, kjærlig- heten mere brennende og Guds kjærlighet mere levende for oss. Den dag vi mottar hans ord i hjertet vil den Helligaand aapen- bare Jesus i vort indre som vor personlige frelser der elsker oss overalt og venter bare paa den dag han skal faa føre oss inn i sin herlighet. Amen.

EDITORIAL

Talsmannen. Jesus Kristus hadde full- ført sin gjerning. Efter aa ha seiret over synden og døden, gikk han inn i selve him- melen og viste sig frem for Guds trone for vor skyld. Der er han den dag i dag som vor mann, vor forbeder —. Det som vi tapte i Adam har vi faatt tilbake i Kristus. Hvem skal nu forklare dette mysterium for oss? Hvem skal føre oss paa veien til denne frelse som er i Kristus? Behøver nogen være i tvil om det? Nei, ingen. Ti det er saa klart uttrykt i Luthers forklar- ing til den tredje artikkel:

"Jeg tror at jeg ikke av min fornuft kan tro paa Kristus eller komme til Kristua, min Herre; men det er den Helligaands gjerning, som har kaldet mig ved evange- liet, som har oplyst mig med sine gaver, som har helliggjort og opholdt mig i den sanne tro likesom han ogsaa kalder, sam- ler, oplyser og helliggjør den kristne menig- het paa jorden og opholder den hos Jesus Kristus i den sanne og rene tro."

Kan nogen annen kirke opvise maken til en enklere og sannere forklaring av Aan- dens gjerning enn denne?

Likesom Kristus er vor eneste *Frelser*, saa er den Helligaand vor eneste *Veiviser*.

Helligaand du himmel lue
Kom og tend mitt hjerte ann,
At jeg klarligen kan skue
Jesu som min Frelsermann!

Menneskelivet her nede paa jorden vilde være en eneste natt uten den Helligaand. Og Kristenlivet ophører automatisk aa eksistere uten den Helligaand. Der hvor aanden er borte, der er der heller ingen Kristus igjen i hjertet.

Ogsaa en kristen menighet er et ynkelig misfoster uten Guds Helligaand. Den er ingen organisme lenger —, kun en mekanis- me. Den er som en død løve, en efter- gjort blomst, et blodløst legeme, uten hjerte og puls, — en lydende malm og en klingende bjelle.

Aa, hvor vi trenger Talsmannen idag! Hvor vi trenger aa bli minnet om at denne Talsmann er en person tillikemed Faderen og Sønnen! Hvor vi trenger aa høre ig- jen og igjen at Guds Helligaand ikke er forvirringens aand, at han ikke har nogen del i dem som fører falsk lære — eller ri- der paa løsrevne sitater av den hellige skrift.

Talsmannen er sannhetns aand. Han forkynner den hele sannhet om synd og naade, soning og retferdighet og om Jesu aapne grav. Talsmannen forkynner en hel bibel — alt Guds raad til frelse.

Og det skal være vor rettesnor i denne religionsblandingens tid, at der hvor man bare holder sig til den ene side av sann- heten og setter sine egne meninger over Guds ord, der er Talsmannen, den Hel- ligaand ikke med.

* *

Mors dag. Vi har i dette nummer av Hyrden gitt en stor plass for *M O R*. Kansk- je altfor stor plass kan nogen synes. Men vi har en bestemt grunn for dette.

Vi er av den absolutte opfatning at en kirke, et samfund, et land og folk er døds- dømt uten kristne mødre.

Vi som tilhører et tidligere slektledd kan bevidne at intet menneske har hatt en saa stor og betydningsfull plass i vort liv — som mor. Hennes kristelige indflydelse var av grunnleggende art. Hennes største op- gave var aa lede vort sinn og vore tan- ker henimot det høieste gode. Hennes bønn og inderlige begjæring var at vi maat- te bli knyttet til Frelseren med hjerte munn og hender.

Det er derfor med sorg og frykt vi ser fremtiden i møte, naar vi i by og paa lan- det hver dag ser vore unge piker — frem- tidens mødre — bli indhentet av overkul- turens snarer og farer slik at intet lenger er dem hellig.

Det er ikke formeget sagt at lykke eller ulykke, opplysning eller uvidenhet, sivilis- asjon eller barbari, kristendom eller gud- løshet vil staa i forhold til de mødre vore hjem har.

Og kunde vi være med aa bidra til at hjemmene kom tilbake til den høide de før stod paa og at vore unge mødre og kommende mødre igjen fikk hjemmets hel- lige alter kjær, saa er vor hensikt med dette Mors-nummer naadd.

Vi roper det ut saa kraftig vi kan: Ung- dom, vend tilbake til hjemmet! Og maa vore hjem mere og mere fylles av himlens sol og kjærlighetens sang! Maa de bli en forgaard inn til helligdommen, hvor Her- rens herlighet lyser over døren! Og maa det kunne synges om dig, du unge mor, av dine barn en gang:

"Og hvad jeg enn skal glemme paa jord,
Jeg aldrig vil glemme min moders ord."

Fra Arbeidsmarken Vor.

Til prester og delegater. La mig faa gjøre prester og delegater opmerksom paa at det er viktig at de kommer til aarsmøtet i Minneapolis paa møtets første dag, 6te Juni, da spørsmålet om den fremtidige ordning av Canada Distrikt kan komme op til behandling naarsomhelst i møtet.

— J. J. Akre.

Kandidat S. D. Sorgen, fra Luther Se- minar, har antatt kald fra Lake Alma, Sask., som pastor A. M. Vinges eftermann.

Kandidat Benjamin Ostrem er kaldt til Wetaskiwin, Alberta. Om han antar kal- det vites ennå ikke.

Et nytt missionskald er paa det nærmeste oprettet i og omkring Crooked River, Sask., efter pastor O. L. Falkeides besøk der. Emisær Søren Fengstad vil ta sig av arbei- der der midlertidig.

Søndag 13de mai preket formand Akre ved slutningsfesten ved Outlook College. Pastor J. C. K. Preus, D.D., Educational Director, Minneapolis, Minn., besøkte skolen og holdt festtalen.

Pastor A. M. Vinge vil bli indsatt i sitt nye kald, Bagley, Sask., søndag den 20de

Mai ved formand Akre.

Swift Current Kreds holder sitt aarsmø- te fra 25 til 27de mai i Søndre Immanuel mgh. Admiral kaldet. Ved møtets begyn- delse blir der kirkeindvielse og grunnstens- nedlegning av den nye kirke. Formand Akre blir tilstede ved dette møte. Pastor O. J. Marken indleder samtaleemnet om "Den Fortapte Sønn." Kom og bli med. Bed om Herrens velsignelse over dette mø- te.

K. O. Kandal, form.

G. J. Ostrem, sekr.

Swift Currreds Kreds Indremissionsfore- ning holder møte i Norge menighet, syd fra Aneroid, Sask., den 28 til 30 mai. Mø- tet begynner den 28de kl. 2 efterm. Sam- taleemnet blir Es. 55. Dette blir ogsaa foreningens aarsmøte.

K. O. Kandal,

A. B. Solberg.

Moose Jaw Kreds holder sitt vaarmøte i Midale, Sask., fra 15de til 17de juni. Samtaleemnet blir Efeserne 1, 3- 14. "Guds naade." Aapningspreken av Pastor Hoff. Indleder av emnet pastor Hilland. Mis- sionspreken av pastor Odland. Den nye kirken i Midale vil bli indviet ved dette møte og Formand Akre vil bli tilstede ved denne anledning.

A. K. Odland, Form.

Kredsmøtet i Bardo.

Camrose Kreds holdt sit vaarmøte i aar i Bardo Menighet, pastor N. A. Bjeldes kald, den 6te til 8de april. Pastor S. Hil- de holdt aapningspreken fredags formid- dag, over teksten Joh. 17: 8. "Det evige liv bestaar sig i aa komme i et levende kjendskap med Gud gjennom Hans søn Jesus. Kun den som har lært sig selv aa kjenne som synder og Jesus som sin Frel- ser kan sies aa ha det evige liv."

Efter en god middag og en liten pause, fortsatte møtet med bøn og salmesang, hvorefter stedets prest bad de tilreisende velkommen til Bardo. Saa indledet pastor Wessel fra Edmonton temaet for møtet, Rom. 5: 1—11. Paa grund av hvad Jesus har gjort for os la os ha fred med Gud. Vi er satte i denne naadestand av Gud. Det er ikke vor gjerning men Gus gjern- ing, derfor kan vi fryde og glæde os i den av Jesus erhvervede frelse, saa sant vi har tatt imot den. Ja, det gir os grund til endog at glæde os over vaare trengsler i Kristus. Derved oppøver Gud os i taal- modighet, tro, helliggjørelse, haap og fred. Flere tok del i samtalen over det rike te- ma, og der blev sagt meget godt, som vi haaper blev til velsignelse.

"Supper" blev ogsaa serveret i kirkens kjelderetage for de tilreisende. Saa be- gyndte kveldsmøtet kl. 8. Pastor Hilde talte paa engelsk over 2 Konge 6: 8—23. Han pekte paa hvordan fienden alltid lu- rer paa Guds folk og legger sine planer mot dem. Elisas tjener saa kun det ydre og naturlige, mens profeten vendte sit ansikt mot Gud og ventet hjelpen fra ham, der- for saa han det overnaturlige og evige. Elisas første bøn var angaaende hans tje- ner at han maatte faa sine øine oplatte og se gus haer. Det er det vi trenger aa se op til Gud i vaar nød og vite at de som er med os er baade flere og sterkere end de som er med fienden. Guds naade og kraft er ikke begrenset saa lenge vi forlater os paa ham. Men vi begrenser den med vaar vantro.

Profetens anden bøn var at fienden maat- te bli slaatt med blindhet. Han ba ikke om at Gud vilde ødelegge dem, men at de kunde bli saa forblindet at de saa der- ved sin hjelpeløshet og nød, for at profe- ten kunde faa ledet dem dit hen han vilde. Denne forblindelse blev dem til velsignelse. Maa vi og bede at fienden i sin forblindelse kunne ledes til at se sin nød og derved bli frelst.

Men saa kommer den bøn "oplat deres øine at de maa se" og de saa sig fangne av Guds folk. De fik se at det betaler sig daarligt at stride mot Gud og hans tje- ner. Men dette fangenskap ledet ikke til død og ødeleggelse. De fik mat og drikke og fik reise hjem i fred. Maa ogsaa Gud faa lede de ufrelste idag slik at de kunne fanges i sin bindhet, men og faa se Guds godhet og barmhjertighet. At de kunne faa gaa hjem fra vaare møter i fred, ja med Guds fred.

Lørdag og søndag blev brukt til drøf- telse av søndagsskole spørsmålet. Tre ta- ler blev git angaaende søndagsskolen. Et av pastor Carlson fra Camrose. Hans te- ma var "Barnet." Han forklarte de for- skellige stadier et hvert barn gjennomgaar og de problemer de medfører. Den som skal arbeide med barn i søndagsskolen tren- ger aa kjenne disse ting for aa forstå de smaa som han skal undervise. Foredraget var baade interessant og belerende.

Søndags formiddag holtes nadverdgu- ds-tjeneste. Pastor Hilde sammen med ste- dets prest forrettet ved alteret. Pastor Carlson præket over en del av 1. Kor. 15. Trods de vanskelige veie søndag var der mange fremmøtt.

Pastor Lerseth fra Bawlf talte om hvad

som skulde undervises og litt om de beste metoder aa bruke. Ogsaa om dette var meget godt sakt som jeg tror vil hjelpe de som skal undervise i søndagsskolen. Til slut talte undertegnede om hvad lærerne burde være som skulde undervise i søndags- skolen. Meget kunde ogsaa sies om dette, men en ting er sikkert at det i mange me- nigheter er vanskelig aa finne slike lærere som vi burde og skulde ønske aa ha. Men først og fremst burde lærerne være troende selv. Uten saa kommer de ind under Jesu dom at en blind kan ikke lede en blind.

Søndags aften talte pastor Lerseth og Carlson, men da jeg ikke var med paa siste sesjon saa kan jeg ikke rapportere derom. Saa vil vi sie tak til Bardo menighet og prest for indbydelsen aa ha kredsmøtet der.

A. Tveit, Sekr.

Dødsfald.

Gunnar Norbraaten døde paa Prince Al- bert Sanatorium mandag den 26de Mars efter et lengere sykeleie. Gunnar Norbraa- ten var født i Norge den 17de Mars 1898. Han kom med sine foreldre til De forenede Stater i 1899 og lidt senere til Southey, Sask. Under sin sykdom var han taalmo- dig og frimodig. Han fryktet ikke for dø- den, ti han hadde funnet Jesus, hvilket han frimodig bekjente baade mundtlig saavel- som skriftlig gjennom brever til sine gam- le foreldre og venner.

Han overlevs av hustru og to smaa barn, samt sine foreldre, fire brødre og to søstre. Hans stov blev lagt til hvile paa Lunner menighets kirkegaard ved Southey under stor deltagelse. Undertegnede for- rettet i kirken og ved graven. Den tysk lutherske prest, Schwab, Southey, var og- saa tilstede og talte et trøstens ord. "Fred med hans minne." — C. L. Jothén.

* *

Henry G. Daae, Bromhead, Sask., gikk hjem til hvilen søndag den 22de april. Med ham er en velkjent skikkelse ved vore kreds- møter og kristelige stevner vandret bort. Vi lærte ham aa kjenne som en kristelig personlighet med et klart og avgjort luthersk kirkelig syn. Han var lun i sin om- gang med mennesker, en trofast far for hvem barnas frelse var overmaate makt- paaliggende og elsket aa se syndere kom- me til Frelseren. Det var alltid en glede aa lytte til hans vidnesbyrd om Guds naa- de og barmhjertighet. Han vil bli savnet i vore møter innen Moose Jaw kreds.

Henry Daae var født i Masfjorden, Nor- ge, den 27de april 1858 og kom til Eau Claire, Wis., som en ganske ung mann. Han kom til Canada i 1902 og bosatte sig i Macoun distriktet. I 1910 flyttet han til Bromhead, hvor han har hatt farm til nu.

Han overlevs av to døtre, Mrs. B. B. Fossum, Macoun, Sask.; Mrs. E. Meling, Arnagard, N. D. og tre sønner, G. M. Daae og G. Daae, Bromhead og I. S. Daae, Tor- quay, Sask. Han hadde tolv barnebarn. Hans hustru døde i 1925 og en datter, Ber- ta.

Prestene C. Hoversten og A. K. Odland forrettet ved begravelsen som fant sted i Trefoldighets kirken Torquay den 25de Ap- ril. Han blev begravet paa Bromheads kir- kegaard.

Minnekrans.

Til minne om Henry G. Daae sennes herved \$2.00 til "Hyrden."

Dr. og Mrs. J. Brown, Oungre, Sask.

Hvordan er vor Gud?

(5. Mos. 32, 3f.)

1. *En grunnvoll som vi trygt kan bygge vort liv paa.*

Klippen — fullkomment er hans verk (v. 4).

Vaar Gud han er saa fast en borg, Han er vort skjold og verge.

En bolig er den eldgamle Gud, og her nede er de evige armer (33, 27).

2. *En Gud som har omsorg for oss.*

Som ørnen vekker sitt rede og svever over sine unger, saaledes bredte han ut sine vinger, tok ham op og bar ham paa sine slagfjær (v. 11).

3. *En rettferdig og trofast Gud.*

Rettferd er alle hans veier, en trofast Gud, uten svik, rettferdig og rettvis er han. Skulde han ha ført forðervelse over sitt folk? Nei, hans barn de har skammen, en vanartet og vrang slekt. Lønner I Her- ren saaledes, du daarlige og uvise folk? Er han ikke din far, som gjorde dig til sin eiendom? (v. 4—6).

Herrens navn vil jeg forkynne; gi vaar Gud ære! (v. 3).

Gud er naadig og barmhjertig. Og Herren gik forbi hans Ansigt og udraab- te: Herren, Herren er en barmhjertig og naadig Gud, langmodig og sig paa Miskun- het og Sandhet. (2 Mos. 34, 6.)

MOTHER'S DAY AND MOTHER'S MEMORY

Mother Tells Her Story.

By Alma Hantel Arnold

Beth was deeply offended when her Mother did not want her to go to the Saturday night party. "My pleasure always has to be spoiled," she cried and ran out of the room. After a while she went back, and Mother tells her story.

"Mother, may I go to a party tonight at Helen's house?" asked Beth as she came running into the sitting room where her mother sat mending.

She stood there, flushed, a picture of health, a young girl only fifteen, teeming with life. She was impatient to be off again and was eagerly awaiting her mother's reply.

After a moment's hesitation Mrs. Davis said, "Tonight? Why dear, this is Saturday, is it not?"

"Sure it is, mother," answered Beth and her tone of voice told that she knew why her mother had asked that question.

Mrs. Davis laid down the stocking she was darning and looking up at Beth with love filled eyes said gently but firmly, "No, Beth, you cannot go to the party tonight and you know why. You did not need to ask me."

Beth made a rush for the door and flung over her shoulder, "I knew you would say no. My pleasure always has to be spoiled. Too bad I have to be so good," and so saying she ran out into the summer sunshine and joined her friend, Grace, who had been waiting for her.

Mrs. Davis laid her head back against the rocker and closed her eyes. Against her will a few tears trickled down her cheeks and she had to admit to herself that Beth's words had hurt her very deeply. Silently she prayed to the Father to give her wisdom how to deal with this high spirited daughter of hers.

As soon as the door had closed upon Beth she felt ashamed of the way she had answered her mother. She ran to the gate to tell Grace that she could not go and turned and slowly made her way back to the house. She softly entered the sitting room again and saw her mother with closed eyes and such a sad expression upon her sweet patient face that instantly Beth's conscience smote her and dropping upon a hassock at her mother's feet buried her face in her lap and began crying.

"Mother, forgive me for speaking so rudely to you," she begged. "I let my temper get away with me."

Mrs. Davis stroked the silky brown hair as she softly answered, "Yes dear, mother has already forgiven you for I knew you did not really know what you were saying."

Beth put her arms around her mother's neck and kissed her and after a few moments of silence sat again upon the hassock while her mother picked up her mending.

"You know dear, why I do not want you to go tonight?" she asked.

"Yes, mother, I know you think it is not right but I wish you would tell me why the others go," answered Beth. "They nearly all go to church and think nothing of it."

"Yes, I know very well, Beth, how hard it is for you to see into it," Mrs. Davis replied patiently. "Now listen, dear, let me try and explain. You go to this party, you have a fine time and it is so hard to break up and when they finally do and you get home into bed it is late, very late or I might say it is no doubt already Sunday morning. The next day you are tired, having had only a little sleep. Do you think when you go to Sunday school or church you can listen to the sermon in the right frame of mind? Don't you think your thoughts would keep straying back to the night before and you would see the party dresses, or remember some words that some of the boys had said?"

"Yes, mother, I see it very clearly and I know you are right, but tell me why so many do these things?" asked Beth again.

"Simply because they do not care many times. Sometimes many think as long as they do not actually do it on Sunday it is all right. But I am sure the Lord wants us to prepare ourselves beforehand for His holy day," answered her mother.

"Yes, dear," she continued, "many things around us make us wonder. I was very surprised when Mrs. Blakely told me herself that one Saturday night they had had a dance in their home, and he is one of the councilmen in our church. Do they think that is keeping the Sabbath holy when a few hours later they sit in church and listen to the minister preach? Oh, it makes my heart ache when I think of it."

For a short time Mrs. Davis was lost in thought and then again she spoke.

"Let me tell you a story, dear, one that

I have never told you and one that I have never forgotten and never will.

"When I was a young girl," she began to narrate, "my parents were very strict with me. When Saturday came everything was prepared so nothing had to be done on Sunday. Clothes were laid out and all took a bath before bedtime. I often have thought of it since, why should we not come to the holy Sabbath with clean bodies? It is no more than right.

"Well, my brothers and I would sit around the table in our sittingroom and study the Sunday school lesson with both father and mother."

She stopped and was lost in thought. No doubt in her mind she could see the happy picture of them all together. Oh, if we could only have more such pictures today.

"I have never forgotten those lessons," she continued, "even if they seemed dull to me at that time. Some of the truths I learned stayed with me my whole life and have been a comfort to me.

"Well, one particular Sunday afternoon my friend, Daisy, and I were taking a walk along a beautiful shady road. We heard a horse and buggy coming behind us and it stopped when abreast of us. A boy we knew, John Werr, said, 'Get in girls, and we will drive out to Holman's Grove. The Club that dad belongs to is having a picnic out there and we will have a lot of fun I'm telling you. Probably will end in a dance tonight, come on,' and he jumped out ready to help us in. Daisy had her foot on the step already when I said, ag-hast, 'Why Daisy, you wouldn't do that, would you? What will your mother say?'"

She looked at me and laughed. "Don't be foolish, Beth, she will never know the difference. She will just think we are out walking. Come on," and she was in the buggy.

"No," I said, "I will not go for I know my mother never would approve of it."

"Oh, come on, Beth," said John, "we need not stay for the dance. Surely there is no harm in driving out and looking on, is there?" and he took my arm ready to help me in. That looked different to me. I thought that would be all right and so got in but somehow the sun was not so bright any more and I did not feel gay and happy but was silent. Daisy and John chatted and laughed but my conscience was beginning to trouble me. Was I doing wrong? Would my mother want me here? Why did I not feel happy? All sorts of questions came up to taunt me and after we had gone a couple of miles I said to John, "Please stop the horse, I want to get out. I feel I cannot go on to the grove."

He looked at me and laughed. "Afraid you'll get a spanking, little girl?"

That made me angry and I said again, "Stop the horse or I will jump out."

He saw I was in earnest and he stopped and I got out quickly.

"Are you going to walk all the way back, Beth?" asked Daisy rather soberly.

"Yes, I am and it will not hurt me at all and if you are wise you would come with me," I said to her.

"Oh no, I'm going on now," she said lightly while her eyes were full of fun. "I'll see you to-morrow and make you envious for missing so much."

They drove on and I watched them sadly for I had always liked Daisy. Little did either one of us think that was our last meeting.

I walked on and on thinking and my mind was at rest for I knew I had done the right thing. But I decided not to say anything about it to my mother. I did not see any use in stirring up things again. So when I finally entered our yard I felt light hearted and happy.

Mother was sitting on the shady porch and looked at me rather sharply as she said, "Well dear, you were gone a long time, where were you?"

"Oh, I just took a long walk into the country and back," I answered lightly and went into the house so as not to be questioned any more.

I did not sleep well that night and so was up early the next morning. I went outside and found the morning paper on the porch and sat down in the quietness and coolness to look it over.

She stopped and putting up her hand covered her eyes as if to shut out something.

Finally Beth touched her mother's hand and said eagerly, "Go on mother, what about it?" and she saw a few tears trickling down her cheeks.

"I scanned the paper over lightly," she continued as though there had been no interruption, "and finally saw the account about the picnic of the Jolly Men's Club.

It did not interest me much and I was going to fold up the paper when the last paragraph caught my eye. I read it once and all became black before my eyes. I fainted and lay so until mother found me some time later."

Mrs. Davis arose and left the room but was back in a few minutes with a small clipping. Handing it to Beth she said, "Read it, dear. I have saved it these many years."

Beth read the following:

But tragedy ended the day and turned joy into gloom. As John Werr and Miss Daisy Burnett were driving home their horse became frightened on the Turkey Creek bridge and jumped. The buggy turned over and the occupants were thrown into the water. The horse broke loose and ran home. When help came it was found that Miss Burnett had been killed instantly and Mr. Werr suffered a broken leg.

Beth read it twice and then looked up at her mother with sympathetic eyes.

"Poor mother," she said, patting her hand. "I know how dreadful you must have felt after reading this sad news."

"Yes, Beth," said her mother, "it is all past now many, many years, but I will never forget the horror I felt when the thought came to me that I might have shared poor Daisy's fate if I had listened and gone on with them."

"Finish the story, mother dear," begged Beth, "there is more to it, is there not?"

"Yes, dear, there is a little more," she said. "Mother found me as I said and she and father carried me up to my bed. It was a long time before I came to and I was not allowed to talk. It had touched me very deeply and I was entirely unnerved. But several days later after the funeral, to which I could not go, I told mother all, the whole story. She wept to think poor Daisy would not listen to me but she was happy that I had not yielded to temptation."

"But mother," said Beth, "that could have happened if they had gone there on a week day evening."

"Yes, my dear, certainly it could," answered Mrs. Davis, "and it would only have been a sad accident but being it was Sunday and they had stayed for the dance as John said afterwards, there was the sin connected with it. For Daisy knew as well as I did that dancing and the other things they may have done was not right to do on the Sabbath. Is that keeping it holy? If she had gone home with me she might be well and happy today. As it is she is in her grave and John has a stiff leg to carry around his whole life and he can never forget how he got it."

"Well, daughter, dear, this was rather a long story but I thought maybe it might impress you and show you just why I think as I do. I do not mean that we are not

expected to have any pleasure on the Sabbath. We can but let it be quiet and let the thought be before you that the Lord is your guest and just what would you do and how act if you were standing in His presence."

Beth jumped up and stretched herself, she had been sitting so long. Stooping down and laying her cheek against her mother's she said softly, "Thanks, dear mother, for the sad story for it has helped me so much. I am sure if I follow in your footsteps I will not go wrong. And oh, mother, I have been thinking and I have a big plan."

Her eyes were sparkling now and she stood up full of energy and went on. "Tomorrow in Sunday school I am going to suggest to our teacher that our class be called 'The Glad Workers.' I'll suggest that we meet every Sunday afternoon and go and visit the sick and take flowers and fruit to them or sing for the shut-ins or something like that."

"And also, dear," said her mother, "you can all take walks together into the fields and woods and gather the beautiful wild flowers that God has put there for our pleasure. You can read a good book together at such times, a chapter or two each time, and take a little lunch. That way you will have some enjoyment and yet be quiet about it."

"Oh, I think it would be fine," said Beth full of plans, "but I think we ought to have some older person as a leader."

"Yes, that would be very advisable," answered her mother. "Don't you think that your teacher, Miss Starr, would make a good leader?"

"Yes, she would," Beth replied, "but she said last Sunday that she was soon going East to stay for several months."

After a moment's pause Beth tilted her mother's face upward and looking her straight in the eyes asked, "Why couldn't you be our leader, precious mother? No one could do better than you. I know all the girls would love you."

Beth continued to hold her mother's eye until she smiled happily and answered, "Yes, dear, I will do as you wish and will do the very best I can. You can talk it over with the girls in the morning and meet here in the afternoon and we will plan our work for the summer. Now you had better run along, it will soon be supper time."

Beth gave her mother a loving hug and darted away to tell Grace about this wonderful plan.

And Mrs. Davis wiped the tears of joy from her eyes as she thanked her Heavenly Father for allowing her to serve Him by taking charge of these tender young plants and asked Him to give her strength to be faithful in all ways to Him."

— "The Friend."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE COLUMN

Luther League Convention.

The biennial convention of the Saskatchewan-Manitoba Young People's Luther League will be held in Moose Jaw July 13th to 15th. Every effort will be made to eliminate all unnecessary expenses. A Luther League Camp will be established on Mr. Jorstad's farm, three miles south of town for those who bring tents. The city tourist camp will also be available for those who bring tents at a nominal cost. Billeting will be undertaken by the local Luther League at 50 cents per night. The registration fee — perhaps 15 cents — will just cover cost of badge and program. There will be no admission charged to any of the sessions. The executive committee has been informed that Dr. N. M. Ylvisaker and Dr. A. J. Bergsaker will attend the convention and possibly Dr. Aagaard will also be present.

The convention theme chosen is "Launch out into the deep."

We pray that the work of the Young People's Luther League may be so directed that our young people may be won and kept for Jesus Christ.

If plans are being made now in the various leagues the attendance at Moose Jaw should be a record one. Let us pray, plan, and work.

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The Outlook College Choir will sing the Cantate, Strainers "Crusifixion" on May 11th at the College Chapel.

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Dr. J. C. K. Preus, Educational Director of the N.L.C.A. will visit Outlook, Commencement Week. He will conduct a Sunday School Institute Thursday and Fri-

day, May 10th and 11th. Dr. Preus will deliver the Commencement Address Sunday afternoon, May 13th.

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Four students are expected to get Associate of Arts Degree from the University of Saskatchewan.

Bible Camps.

Summer Camp at Lake Thomas, four miles east of Viking, Alta., July 8th to 15th. Speakers: Miss Cora Martinson, Galesville, Wis.; Mr. Olaf Larson, Irma, Alta., and Rev. Ivar Saugen, Viking, Alta. Those who wish to attend would write to Rev. Ivar Saugen, Viking, Alta., so that arrangement for lodging can be made. Each attendant must furnish his or her own bed-clothes. Board will be supplied for reasonable price. Come and enjoy Christian fellowship and God's word in God's nature.

— Ivar Saugen.

The Swift Current Circuit and Luther League will conduct a Bible camp at Cyprus Park, south of Maple Creek, July 19—22.

Rev. G. M. Trygstad of Camrose Lutheran Bible Institute will be the main teacher and leader, others assisting. The tentative plan as to study is: The Books: Daniel, Hebrews, St. John and 1. John. There will also be courses in "How to do personal work" and "Public Speaking."

Cyprus Park is one of the beauty spots of Canada. Plan your time to spend these two weeks there. A large tent is provided where the Bible Study will be conducted. Those attending must provide their own board and lodging. It is an ideal way of spending a vacation. Recreation, such as swimming and rowing, etc. may be indulged

during the afternoon. For further information write Rev. K. O. Kandal or the undersigned. Pray for the Bible Camp. On behalf of the Circuit Committee
G. J. Ostrem, Sec'y.

Announcement.

The songs to be sung by the Massed Choir at our District Luther League Convention this summer will be:

In "Frydetoner."

Jehovas Pris.....	Page 174
Lover Herren	Page 214
Davids 24. Salme	Page 294
Lovsang	Page 353
No. 67 The Vision of Christ (price 12c)	
No. 75 O sacred Head (price 8c).	

The above two songs are from St. Olaf's Choir Series. By M. F. Christiansen. Address: Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minn.

The following two are by Herman N. Monson. Address: Concordia Choir Series, Moorhead, Minn.

No. 4 O Lord of Heaven (price 10c).	
No. 2 The Twenty-third Psalm (12c).	

A new song ("In Heaven above" has been added. It is by M. F. Christiansen and can be had at Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis, Minn.

All who are sent as delegates should prepare the above songs, and as many visitors as visit to take part. We are counting on you all for support. Let us work and pray for an inspiring and profitable convention.

Oscar E. Mossing,
Distr. Choir Director.

Free Translation of "Der er endnu et rum inved Frelserens bryst" (No. 101 Norwegian Concordia).

By Rev. John P. Tandberg.

There is still open room at Christ's bosom for you,
There is yet a safe refuge to find
In the wounds of a Saviour so loving and true,
Blessed refuge with peace for your mind.
There is still enough room in the heavenly home,
Still a room for each storm-tossed soul,
Where a wanderer, drifting and homeless, can come
In response to a Savior's kind call.
O Lord Jesus, we pray Thee break down ev'ry bar
That imprisons the sinners to-day;
So that many may come from the near and the far,
Lead them home from their wandering way.
Let us open our hearts! Let the Savior come in!
Let us leave all our sorrows behind;
So that we may be freed from each burdening sin,
And a home for eternity find.

Questions for the Quiet Hour

Mrs. Peder Lerseth's name, Bawli, Alta., was omitted among those who sent in the right answers to the questions in the March issue. We are sorry, Mrs. Lerseth! Answers to the questions in the Easter Issue of Hyrden:

1. He was slain by the Israelites while fighting for the Midianites. (Num. 31, 8).
2. To the seventy whom He sent out two by two (Luke 10, 3).
3. At the gate of the Temple which is called Beautiful (A cts 3, 2—7).
4. Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band (Acts 17, 1).
5. Timaues (Mark 10, 46).

Correct answers were sent us by Mrs. Theo. Notland, Morrin, Alta.; Mr. Erik B. R. Haave, Cameo, Sask.; Mrs. P. Notland, Morrin, Alta.; Mrs. Enok Dyrland, Kyle, Sask.

Answers to the questions in the April Issue of Hyrden:

1. Achish (1. Sam. 21, 10 and 27, 9).
 2. Ahimelech, the priest (1. Sam. 21, 1).
 3. The king of Israel to whom Naaman brought a letter (2. Kings 5, 7).
 4. Almonds (Num. 17, 8).
 5. Return to her mistress (Gen. 16, 9).
- Correct answers were sent us by Mrs. Laura Brown, Oungre, Sask.; Mrs. Theo. Notland, Morrin, Alta.; Mr. Erik B. R. Haave, Cameo, Sask.; Mrs. P. Notland, Morrin, Alta.; Mrs. Enok Dyrland, Kyle, Sask.

Who will try to answer the following questions? Send in your answers to the Editor as soon as possible. Don't forget to write your address.

1. Whom did the Lord command to make two trumpets of silver?
2. Who was Deborah's husband?
3. How many brothers had David?
4. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder"; is this quotation correct?
5. Which king of Israel dwelt in the city of Ariel?

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

Mrs. S. B. BRUN, Editor, Broderick, Sask.

In reading of our missions, both home and abroad, we frequently note a call for help. There have always been "fields" calling. But sometimes the doors to get in were shut, or there were none, or only a few, that had ears to hear. When Jesus on Ascension Day said, "Go ye into all the world, and go ye and make disciples of all nations", He heard, He saw the fields.

Now the doors are open. On every missions field there is great interest and enthusiasm for the Gospel. And we have Christian men and women who have heard the call and are ready and willing to go out into the fields. But owing to lack of funds are unable to go.

In times like these, when so many have hardly daily bread, it may seem somewhat discouraging to talk about missions. But, surely God has been good to us letting us live in the Light of the Gospel from childhood days. Ours is the duty to help those who are less fortunate than we are and to bring the Light to those who yet sit in darkness.

Should we not, then, heed the call and be willing to share our slender means and do our bit? A little gift from many would count up.

At home there are fields calling. Here in Canada there are calls where they cannot raise the necessary funds to keep a pastor. And there are many districts where Christian workers are needed. But, again Home Mission has not sufficient funds with which to carry on the work.

Abroad, there are vast fields calling. India, although one of the greatest mission fields, has over 600,000 villages in which, so far as one knows, there is not one Christian. In Mohammedan lands, there are still 100 million women and children not yet reached by the Gospel and equal number of men and boys almost untouched. And there are our own mission fields, in China, in Madagascar, in Zululand. They, too, are calling. The fields are undermanned. The missionaries are over-worked.

Yes, workers are needed in all the fields. Here may I offer a suggestion. That is, supporting native Bible men and women. Native workers can be had quite cheaply—that is of course depending on how valuable they are—and they are the ones really needed more and more to carry on the work—the missionaries directing.

If either a Society or the Societies within a congregation would take it upon themselves to support a native worker or a Bible woman. Or even a circuit, jointly, supporting one worker. In such case it would be only a few dollar a year on each aid, perhaps, for a valuable worker depending on number of societies willing to take part. Arrangements could be made so each Society would get credit on their budget of the various congregations for the amount each Society gives.

Possibly there are already Aids and Circuits where they are already doing this work.

Then we have our little mission boxes. Keep them in a place where they will always be seen and drop in your offering frequently. It has been found necessary to collect in the mission boxes in September this year instead of in November as in previous years. Let us bear that in mind. The money donated through these mission boxes will be divided equally between Home and Foreign Missions.

Our Home mission is just as necessary as our Foreign Mission. "Where there is a will, there is a way." And let us remember that it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure.

May we be found willing to let Him work that will in us — and the doing of that will by us.

Your Co-Worker,

Agnes Anderson,
Dist. M. B. Sec'y.

Ragabo.

The pleasant Manantantely Valley lies between two forest clad mountain ridges. On its verdant slopes herds of humped zebu cattle graze, and in the central part groves of mangoes, oranges, lemons, and patches of roses and bougainvillea shrubs alternate with small fields of sweet potatoes, manioc, maize, and rice. But in the swamps in the low dark places and in the stagnant waters of the rice fields lurks the malaria mosquito. In this fertile valley are found many small native villages and a group of buildings forming a mission school. The white chapel and the mission houses gleam in the sun, and in the native villages of a score houses or less chickens, geese, pigs, dogs, and little naked children play and tussle about.

It was in one of these dusty villages in this peaceful valley that Ragabo lived. Her father, Rendrozaky, herded cattle for others, and her mother spent most of the day out in the fields and swamps finding food for Ragabo and her smaller brothers and sisters. Ragabo was eleven years old. She was just an ordinary, everyday, chocolate brown Malagasy girl, slight of build, with her hair braided into some twenty short "pig-tails." But one did not easily forget her eyes. They were big and brown and bright; very merry when she laughed, but shadows of sadness and longing often hung heavy upon them.

Ragabo loved to go down to the mission station to visit: the least pretext would bring her to the missionary's kitchen. She would sit by the hour in the kitchen door and watch all the strange and wonderful things going on there. Jonarson, the cook, a Christian Malagasy, was very kind to her. And sometimes the missionary's wife would say a few words to her. Then she would smile back, even if she would not always understand what the foreign lady was trying to say.

But what interested Ragabo immensely, more than anything else on the mission grounds, were the asyilivavy (the school girls,) of which there were, at the Boy's Normal School at that time some ten or twelve girls. These asyilivavy were so happy, so clean, and so beautiful in Ragabo's eyes. Their clothes and hair were more beautiful than one could imagine. They carried books under their arms; they marched in procession; and they sang in lovely soft voices about a Jesosy (Jesus). Ragabo would stand back in admiration as they marched by, then as she looked after them the shadows of sadness and longing crept over her eyes. Then she would follow after, throw her "salampy" (shawl) about her shoulders in an asyilivavy manner, carry an imaginary book under her arm, and try to hum snatches from a hymn, which she had caught, perhaps, while lingering outside and peering in through the chapel door.

One day the news passed from mouth to mouth that Ragabo's father was going to marry her off. According to the heathen fashion Ragabo was of marrying age. Her father would receive a small sum of money or a share in an ox as a gift from the prospective bridegroom. They were poor people, both her parents and the "suitor," so a whole ox was out of the question. Poor Ragabo was frightened because her future husband was a gnarled old man and he lived far away. She was grief stricken because now she could come to the missionary's kitchen no more: and worse, no more would she see her beloved asyilivavy.

The plight of poor Ragabo reached the missionaries' ears. They felt sorry for the unhappy little girl for they had grown fond of her. They wished they could do something for her; the question of adopting her presented itself. Rendrozaky was approached on the matter. He let it be understood that he was not so anxious to marry his child off to this old man, but seeing that he was willing to give a good present for his daughter, and they would be relieved of the burden of providing for her, they were merely following an old Malagasy custom in marrying off their daughter while she was yet young. But if the missionary and his wife were willing to take Ragabo into their house, and provide for her, and if Ragabo herself was willing, why they, the parents would not say no.

Ragabo was overjoyed at the news. Early the next morning she presented herself at the mission door. There she stood with nothing on but a rag about her hips, a string of beads about one ankle, and a broad smile on her face as she greeted the household with a loud: "Salama hianareo." (Peace to you.)

Now Ragabo was initiated into another world. She was to live in a white man's house; and her goal was to become an asyilivavy. Her whole being was tense with excitement that morning and her eyes beamed as she was sent off to the creek in charge of one of the asyilivavy, a piece of soap, and an unbleached muslin dress. When they returned about noon, the soap was all gone, the dress was on Ragabo, and the skin on her face and body was clean, stretched, and shiny from lavish use of soap. But her hair, it had gone "haywire" to be sure. The asyilivavy complained: "You see, 'Madamo', soap and water can do nothing for her hair. It will not lay down, and I cannot get the lice out. You must give me some tallow or lard." After a few applications of lard and a resin from a certain tree, Ragabo's hair became well behaved, and lay smooth and clean and

shiny. Ragabo was given certain tasks to perform. She was taught to sew simple seams, to darn, to follow the small children of the missionary, when they played in the sun, and to see that they kept their cork helmets on, to do simple ironing, to dust, and to learn the A,B,C's. All these little tasks Ragabo liked, all but the dusting. She simply could not dust to please Madamo. In the first place Ragabo could see no dust, and because of this she could not tell where she had dusted and where she had not. Sometimes she was sent back several times to do the dusting over again. She finally arrived at the conclusion that she would save herself most trouble by doing as Madamo said, begin at one end of the room and go over everything whether she saw any dust or not. Ragabo loved to go to Sunday school, and religious instruction in the day school. She was soon able to modulate her voice and sing in softer tones, some simple songs about Jesosy.

But for those who would follow Jesus, be they brown or white, a time of trial and testing soon comes, and so it came to Ragabo. One day Ragabo in high excitement came quickly into the house, followed by her mother. The missionary's wife at once saw that something unusual was afoot. Ragabo's mother was decked out for a feast or a funeral. Her cheeks, gums, lips, and finger tips were stained a deep vermilion red. Her face was greased so it shone, and her hair was loosened. She had on a striped lamba (cloth,) about her body. And she had hung what trinkets she possessed about her neck, wrists, and ankles, and her eyes were wild looking. It was a funeral. Ragabo's aunt was dead, and all the relatives, old and young, must go and bury her body and send her spirit off to those of the family ancestors. There would be a big feast, much drinking of strong rum, sacrificing of oxen, and wild dancing. Men, women, and children, all would indulge in an orgy of drinking, dancing and immoralities. The mother demanded that Ragabo come, or the spirit of the departed would be angry with her. She was told, however, that she had given her daughter to the mission, and now she was on the way to become a child of God and therefore could not take part in the funeral ceremonies. Ragabo herself hid in a far corner. After some time the mother had to go without her.

That evening as the asyilivavy went upstairs to bed Ragabo was not with them. Upon investigation she was found outside alone, sitting in the bright moon light listening to the funeral noises coming up from the village about a quarter of a mile away. One could hear the incessant calling and crying of the mourners and the continuous tom-tom of the native drums; and in the bright moonlight the figures of the revellers could be seen flitting hither and thither. The missionary's wife sat down beside her. Ragabo barely noticed her; she sat as in a trance, she seemed under the spell. It would not have been long before she would have slipped off and joined her mother and the rest; for as yet she had barely one foot out of heathendom. The two sat very quietly and listened for about an hour. Madamo patiently waiting: what went on in the heart and mind of the brown child we can only guess. Then Ragabo stirred and drew a little closer to her companion. The missionary said quietly: "Jesus loves you." Ragabo came still closer. Then the missionary said: "Won't you come in now and go to bed?" Ragabo came at once. The funeral continued in full swing for a whole week, but Ragabo was free and happy again; she was tempted no more.

The next year Ragabo was sent to the Girls' School at Manafafy, down by the coast to the north. There she was baptized and attended school every day, learning reading, writing, household duties such as child-care, sewing, and cooking. She learned to study her catechism and Bible. Now she has become an asyilivavy in fact, and not only in dreams.

Ragna Stolee,
Lea Park, Alta.

Be A Conquerer.

Be one of the conquerers. The universe belongs to him who wills and loves and prays; but he must will, he must love, he must pray — in a word he must possess wisdom, force, and faith.

Incomplete!

Education is more than knowledge — more than power; more than increased ability to earn a livelihood; more than intellectual development. It includes the nurturing of the whole of man's personality. Any education that is not thoroughly Christian is incomplete." — Dr. H. Roop.